

The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

SOUSA, THE "MARCH KING," POSES FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR."



Mr. John Philip Sousa has arrived from America, and is now conducting a series of concerts at the Queen's Hall. Above are some of the "March King's" most characteristic attitudes, specially photographed for the *Daily Mirror*. The first of these photographs shows him calling his band to attention before commencing operations. Another depicts him in a moment of inspired ecstasy, and in the centre he is seen gracefully bowing his thanks at the end of the performance.

HONoured BY THE KING.



Rev. W. Carlile, head of the Church Army and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill Church, who was received by his Majesty yesterday.—
(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

SPURIOUS BANK-NOTE CASE: WAITING TO SEE THE PRISONERS.



Scene outside the Mansion House Police Court yesterday afternoon, where a large crowd gathered to catch a glimpse of the prisoners Holloway, Robinson, and Harman as they were being removed in the prison van after they were committed for trial for forging and uttering £5 bank-notes.—Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled **THE CINGALESE**. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-DAY, 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.20. (Last 5 nights). **THE THAIPEER**. (Last 5 nights). LAST 5 NIGHTS. TO-DAY (Saturday) and WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.15.

MUCH AD ABOUT NOTHING will be produced on TUESDAY, January 24.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. (Last 5 nights). **HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**. (Last 5 nights). LAST 5 NIGHTS. TO-DAY (Saturday) and WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-DAY, at 5, and EVERY EVENING, at 8 sharp. **LADY WOODVILLE**. By Oscar Wilde. 2.15, and 8.15. **THE DEUTER NISI**, by Julius Felsen. MATINEE (both plays) WED. and SAT., at 2.15.

Mr. Robert ARTHUR'S LONDON PANTOMIMES.

KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1,006, Hop. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. MATINEES EVERY MON., WED., and SAT., at 2.15. **ALADDIN**.

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Written by Fred. Boyer.

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MON. KEV, Baritone, from the Grand Opera, Nice. LA BELLE WILLMA, the Wonderful Lady Artist in Sand and Smoke.

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Miscellaneous.

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BIRTHS.

BEGHE—At 24, Elm Bank-gardens, Barnes, the wife of Arthur Beghe, of a son.

McGREGOR—On January 12, at 9, Lonsdale-road, Leytonstone, the wife of Stuart W. D. McGregor, of a daughter.

TAYLOR—On the 14th inst., at 28, Newcourt-road, Stratton Hill, S.W., the wife of Stanley Charles Taylor, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BAILEY—LEWICK—On January 12, at St. Barnabas Church, Kensington, by the Rev. G. T. M. Evans, assisted by the Rev. W. R. Thornton, vicar of the Parish, Greville, Lord son of the late Alfred Bailey, Barrister-at-Law, Lincoln's Inn, to Mary Winifred, elder daughter of George Lewis, late of Cowden, Kent.

DEATHS.

CABLE—On January 6, Martin Gable, of 94, Latchmere-road, Laverham Hill, Clapham, aged 64.

HOLLY—On January 12, at 105, Lonsdale-road, Upper Tooting, Sarah, the beloved wife of George H. Holly, aged 62 years.

HOPKINS—On January 9, at Tooting, Sarah Mary, widow of the late Dr. J. L. Hopkins, for 50 years organist at the Temple Church, in her 80th year.

ROBINSON—On January 10, at 5, Hamilton-st., Hammersmith, Matilda, widow of the late Henry Robinson, in her 84th year.

PERSONAL.

At the same time. We are not sure—A. S. W. HOW long, during, how long? Oh, that little, and "what would we do."

G. J.—at 2.45 this afternoon on the Surrey side of the bridge—DEATH.

DEATH—Received letter: let me know where you are. I long to see you—A. S. W.

VERY sorry that you cannot distinguish the false from the true. Back again—A. S. W.

MISSING—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Caucasus or in the United States, at his earliest in the "Globe" or "Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Ad-ertising Department. "Globe" or "Daily Mail," 5, Carnarvon-st., London, E.C.

* * The above ad-ertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 6d. per word thereafter. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with order. Trade ad-ertisements in "Personal Column," eight words for 4s.; and 6d. per word afterwards. Address: Ad-ertising Manager. "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., London.

INFORMATION

ON

20,000

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AGENTS WANTED: Ky-Rol; 6d. packet saves 1 ton of coal; one agent's profit one, £10 10s.; you can do this—O. A. Hoult, Doncaster.

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POTATOES—Round, white, floury Keen's, 5s. 12lb.; Apples, 42lb. 5s. 6d.; 6s. 6d.; 7s. 6d., carriage paid—Curtis, Chertsey, Camberwell.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 34 years—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen. Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.E.R.R. "The Daily Mail" Junior School under 13; 4th year illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

PREPARING TO STRIKE.

Reinforcements for Both Sides
Being Rushed Headlong
Into Manchuria.

PORT ARTHUR'S HEROINE.

Many Brave and Devoted Deeds of Madame
Stoessel During the Long Siege.

Preparations for a general renewal of hostilities in Manchuria are being rapidly pushed on by both sides.

Kuopatkini is now receiving further reinforcements at the rate of 5,000 men a day, and it is hoped in St. Petersburg that he will be able to take the initiative before Oyama is strengthened by the arrival of the Port Arthur army.

A Tokio telegram published in Rome states that Marshal Oyama hopes to be reinforced by 60,000 men before February 15, and that he will then resume the offensive.

Skirmishing along the Sha-ho is reported, in which the Russian cavalry is playing an important part.

Sixteen hundred Russian prisoners, with fifty officers, arrived at Nagasaki on Thursday. General Stoessel is due there to-day, and will sail for Europe on the 16th.

Our St. Petersburg correspondent supplies a most interesting account of Mme. Stoessel's heroism during the long-protracted siege of Port Arthur.

RUSSIAN REPRESSION.

Abrupt Termination of Meetings of the
Cultured and Educated Classes.

Russian methods of suppression are at present being applied to meetings of learned societies and gatherings of educated people on all sides.

The St. Petersburg congress on education for adults has been closed by order of the Administration.

The tenth anniversary of the Teachers' Association of Nijni Novgorod was dispersed by the police with drawn swords.

Sittings of the Moscow Commission for Technical Education have been suspended.

The Congress of Natural Science Teachers at Kieff has been closed by order, and the Odessa Literary and Artistic Association has been suppressed.

It is announced that the new Press laws will materially increase the rigour of the censorship.

ROJESTVENSKY'S MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

It is reported by a French paper that Russia has purchased an islet in the Indian Ocean as a base for Rojestsvensky, where he will await the Third Squadron. Botrovsky's ships sailed southward from Suez on Thursday.

BIBLES FOR THE BALTIC FLEET.

While the Russian warships were passing through the Suez Canal, the crews purchased 700 copies of the Scriptures in Russian, during one day and night, from the Bible Society's colporteurs, who were allowed on board at Port Said.

MYSTERIOUS FLEET.

The Aberdeen liner Maravian, which arrived at Plymouth yesterday, reported passing an unknown fleet of eight warships in the Bay of Biscay. The vessels were sailing south-west.

JAPANESE CAPTURE BRITISH SHIP.

TOKIO, Friday.—The Japanese cruiser Tokiwa captured in the Sea of Japan, on Wednesday, the British steamer Roseley, laden with coal, consigned to Vladivostok.—Reuter.

INDIAN FRONTIER FIGHTING.

CALCUTTA, Friday.—Fighting has begun between the chiefs of Dir and Nawagai, and the latter has captured a fort.

The British movable column at Malakand will advance to preserve the Chitral lines of communication, and possibly also to assist the chief of Dir.—Reuter.

Dir, which is threatened by the present disturbance, is about fifty miles distant from our permanent station at Chitral on the north, and the same distance from our quarters at Malakand, due south.

Mr. Harris, the "Times" correspondent at Tangier, is still having trouble with the rebels. His garden was fired yesterday.

SMILED AT DANGER.

How Mme. Stoessel's Courage Inspired
the Defenders of Port Arthur.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Vera Alexeyevna Stoessel bids fair to rival her husband in popular esteem. All St. Petersburg is talking of her heroism and devotion.

"My wife," said Stoessel in one of the last letters received from him, "is the real defender of Port Arthur. She is the only person in the town who has never repined at the monotony, shirked the worst dangers, or shown doubt as to our ability to hold out. This example is worth a battalion."

Dozens of stories now being told here show that the brave general's words are no exaggeration. Mme. Stoessel never flinched. She organised the whole hospital service, yet, by imitating her husband and sleeping three hours a night, she managed to be on the spot where the fiercest fighting raged, so that she might personally succour the wounded.

During the early fighting near Takushan, she got mixed up in a bayonet mêlée, but kept her nerve. A few days later her temple was scored by a shell fragment.

IN THE FIERY HAIL.

"It was an astonishing sight," wrote Lieutenant Kosleff. "This middle-aged, unromantic woman stood for hours in the most exposed positions. During the August fighting I saw her in the advanced trenches, amid a hail of fire. A few yards from her four men dropped from a hail of shrapnel, and a moment later bullets flew over her



Madame Stoessel.

head and buried themselves in the earth. She ducked her head as if by instinct, smiled, and walked calmly to the wounded men."

Stoessel's headquarters were more than one demolished by shells. Madame Stoessel simply migrated with her husband, but she refused to go into a comfortable underground shelter built by an engineer officer, saying: "No, we must encourage the delusion that there is no danger." In September a 4-inch shell exploded in her dressing-room, and blew a heavy wooden partition against her bed in the adjoining room, but otherwise did little damage. Though stunned by the explosion, she was at work at Hospital No. 1 an hour afterwards.

HOUSEWIFE AND HEROINE.

Yet while she was heroine, she never forgot to be housewife. "Madame Stoessel," says M. Kankin, "cooked all her husband's meals, and every day at twelve she might be seen, in her red cloak, carrying a tin pannikin of hot soup, exactly as a roadmaker's wife. Sometimes she could not find Stoessel; and one day, after wandering round the most exposed part of the Tinkushan Fort, discovered him in consultation with Colonel Irrmann. But the soup was cold, and for the first time for five terrible months tears came into the eyes of the brave lady. But nothing daunted, she lighted a fire, and warmed it. Unluckily, as the meal was ready, a Japanese shell burst about thirty yards off, and there swept up a storm of dust and wind which overwhelmed fire and pannikin."

HIGHER FEES THAN KUBELIK.

Franz von Vecsey, the young violinist who was engaged by Mr. Daniel Frohman, has just begun at New York a tour through the United States, consisting of at least thirty concerts.

The terms secured for the violinist are the highest ever paid to an instrumentalist in America. What these record fees are Mr. Frohman will not disclose—he only stated that they were higher than those paid by him to Mr. Kubelik.

The number of Westphalian miners on strike yesterday reached 50,000.

MILLIONAIRE'S TWO WIVES.

Mr. Frank Gardner's £30,000 Mining
Speculation.

ENDEARING LETTERS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The action brought by Mrs. Carrie Gardner, better known as Carrie Swain, her stage name, against her husband, Mr. Frank Gardner, the millionaire, of Gardner and Serpollet, motor manufacturers, came up again for hearing to-day in the Paris courts.

Mrs. Gardner seeks to establish the validity of her marriage in 1886, in San Francisco, or in default claims £400,000 damages or a monthly allowance of £200 and compensation.

COUNTER-ACTION.

Mr. Frank Gardner and Mme. Leglay, his present wife, have brought a counter-action against Mrs. Carrie Gardner for £2,000 damages for continuing to use the name of Gardner.

Maitre Labori stated that from 1886 to 1901 Mrs. Carrie Gardner had enjoyed all the rights and privileges of a married woman in Australia, England, California, and France.

Counsel read numerous letters from well-known people in support of this contention.

During her theatrical tour in Australia Mr. Frank Gardner acted as manager, and the box-office receipts during that time were £20,000.

A PROFITABLE SPECULATION.

The couple afterwards engaged in mining speculation, and realised between £20,000 and £30,000.

One of the most significant documents produced by plaintiff's counsel was a will drawn up by Mr. Frank Gardner in 1894, "in favour of my wife, Caroline Gardner," in which he bequeathed everything to her.

Several letters were also read from Mr. Frank to "Mrs. Carrie Gardner" in which he used the words: "My dear wife," and assured her of his undying devotion.

The further hearing was adjourned for a week.

BURIED ALIVE.

Fourteen South Wales Miners Set Free After
Eighteen Hours' Imprisonment.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, amid the cheers of a large gang of rescuers, fourteen miners walked out of a drive in which they had been entombed for eighteen hours.

Their imprisonment was due to a heavy fall of earth in the Wernplenyis colliery, Ystradgynlais, near Brecknock, which completely blocked the entrance to the drive, though, fortunately, without injuring any of the men.

A rescue-party was immediately at work, and without a moment's intermission continued to clear away the fallen earth until a passage was made.

M.P.'s SPORTING OFFER.

He Will Pay Six Men's Fares to South
Africa To Prove a Point.

Such a vigorous heckling did Mr. Yerburch get at Chester on Thursday night, when speaking on the Chinese labour ordinance, that, in spite of a sporting offer he made to his audience, the police were summoned.

When he was saying that the mines could not be carried on except under present conditions, he was interrupted.

"I will pay the fares to South Africa of any two men in the room," he said, "and obtain work for them in the mines. They shall forfeit a certain sum if they don't remain six months."

A Voice: We'll accept it.

Mr. Yerburch: Right you are! I have made a sporting offer. I content white men cannot stand the curved strain of work in the mines.

A Voice: What rot!

After a further altercation, Mr. Yerburch increased his offer to include six men, and, in spite of the confusion which reigned, concluded his speech by saying he had spent a very jolly evening.

£43,000 FOR UNEMPLOYED.

Although the London Unemployed Fund now amounts to £43,000, it was announced yesterday that up to Monday work will have been found for 750 men only.

In a few days, however, this number will be increased to over a thousand, and eventually employment will be provided for 2,150.

The men work eight hours a day, receive 7d. an hour, and are allowed half an hour for dinner.

Rear-Admiral R. F. H. Henderson, C.B., has been appointed Admiral Commanding the Coast-guard and Reserves, in succession to Admiral Ernest Rice.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

Mr. Bramwell Booth Expects the
Movement Will Establish a
Commercial Conscience.

LUNCH HOUR MEETINGS.

Stockbrokers and Their Clerks Pray During
Mid-day Meal Time.

The battle-line of the religious revival is far-flung. There is scarcely a county or town, from Penzance to Peterhead, but is more or less deeply stirred.

In Wales, where the movement first commanded general attention, hundreds of men continue daily to declare themselves converted.

Similarly the ubiquitous Salvation Army reports a harvest of converts far in excess of their weekly average.

In London people are perceptibly impatient for the start of the Torrey-Alexander mission three weeks hence.

We publish to-day an interesting statement on the general question by Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Kitchener of the Salvation Army, in which he commends the *Daily Mirror* for giving prominence to the religious news of the day.

REAL REPENTANCE.

"Chief" of the Army Anticipates a Great
National Awakening.

In an interview last night with the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Bramwell Booth said he felt sure there was to be a great national awakening.

The greatest service which the movement in Wales had rendered to the community lay in the attention it was commanding to the possibility of a great upheaval of the heart and soul of the people, and a crying out for God.

"What I am praying about," said the chief of staff, "is that we have a real thing. I lay the utmost stress upon repentance and restitution."

Real repentance, he said, would create a commercial conscience, and put an end to all manner of corruption in business life.

As an apt illustration, he said he had yesterday been the medium of refunding to an insurance company "conscience-money" from one who had been a party to a fire on his premises.

THE DAY OF PRAYER.

It is in the consequence of the religious trend of events in the country, said Mr. Booth, that the Salvation Army is regarding next Thursday as a day of "confession, humiliation, and prayer" throughout all its borders. On that day there will be special meetings for a round of the clock, from ten to ten, in Exeter Hall. The General will lead the devotions.

Mr. Booth warmly commended the *Daily Mirror* for giving prominence to the revival movement.

"It is your business to record the news of the day. Surely this is news, good news—nay, the very best good news. I think you do a great service to the community by bringing the revival to the front."

"Tell the people the truth about God, Heaven, hell, and the soul. That be our parting word."

STIR IN THE CITY.

Morning Religious Meetings of Stockbrokers
and Their Clerks.

If the Torrey-Alexander mission opened to-night in the Albert Hall, instead of twenty-one days hence, London would be found ready to give it a good start.

In Louthbury, for example, close to the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange, during the last four days City men and their clerks have filled St. Margaret's Church in the luncheon-hour to listen to gospel addresses by Archbishop Madden. At yesterday's meeting scores stood in the aisles, and the congregation numbered between 300 and 400 and eight hundred.

A million invitation cards were ordered yesterday by the secretary of the London Evangelistic Council for the Torrey-Alexander mission.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, his singing colleague, will address three meetings daily in London for five months. Cannon-street Hotel has been engaged for a fortnight, and other station hotels will probably be taken for meetings.

Between £8,000 and £9,000 has been received towards the estimated £17,000 which the mission will cost.

Prince Arthur of Connaught was twenty-two yesterday.

KING AND THE CHURCH ARMY.

Rev. Wilson Carlile Summoned to Buckingham Palace.

STORY OF THE VISIT.

His Majesty's Gracious Message to Workers and the Poor of the Labour Homes.

A signal honour was shown to the Church Army yesterday. Its founder, the Rev. W. Carlile, suddenly summoned to Buckingham Palace, was received in audience by no less a personage than the King himself, and was permitted to bring to his Majesty's notice particulars of the army's work.

The King was graciousness itself, and sent an encouraging message of sympathy both to the army workers and the poor inmates of the army labour homes.

He also, after Mr. Carlile had left, sent his enquiry, Colonel Legge, with a bank-note for £100, in the hope that it would be of use to England's poorest, and that the means needful for the maintenance of the work would be forthcoming.

Here is the King's message, sent through Mr. Carlile:—

Give to your devoted workers my deepest sympathy encourage them to press on and to persevere.

Give my sympathy also to the poor inmates of your labour homes, and say I hope they will show gratitude for the benefits they have received.

On his return from the Palace Mr. Carlile gave the *Daily Mirror* full details of what took place.

"I should first tell you," he said, "that the command to attend the King yesterday, which I got on Wednesday, was most unexpected. I had no idea the Church Army was to be honoured in this way.

"I arrived at the Palace at four o'clock, and was shown into the King's Library, where I was left for a few moments alone. Very soon a door opposite the one I had come in by opened, and the King appeared. He walked quickly up to me, shook me warmly—almost affectionately—by the hand, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me and hearing particulars of the work.

King's Kindly Interest.

"Then he sat down, and made me sit beside him. He explained that he had heard much of the work from the Duke of Eife, and that he wished it every possible success. He asked me many questions, and seemed particularly impressed by my account of the remarkable results of criminal reclamation through the Church Army labour homes.

"He took, he said, great interest in the sorrows of the genuine hard-working poor, and expressed himself as grateful that so many married men, with families, who could not get thorough relief work for lack of the usual residential qualification, were also assisted by labour.

"He was keenly alive to the protection against insincerity provided by the army's work, and said the test was also valuable as it discouraged cunning men being attracted to the metropolis. He told me how glad he was that, as a result of work done, so many poor men willing to work were taken off the streets and given a proper bed with sheets.

"All through his Majesty was most gracious and sympathetic. Twice I got up to go, but he bade me sit down again and tell him more. When at last I did go he accompanied me nearly to the door, and again shook me warmly by the hand.

KING'S RETURN TO SANDRINGHAM

Yesterday the King joined the Queen at Sandringham, travelling from St. Pancras by the 5.7 train. The day was the thirteenth anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence, the greatest sorrow of Queen Alexandra's life, and special wreaths were laid upon the tomb of the dead Prince.

A report that the King and Queen will visit Canada this year proves to be unfounded.

SCOTLAND'S ALIEN ARMY.

Scutland's alien question is growing acute, according to a Scotch correspondent. The Polish population in Lanarkshire is steadily receiving fresh recruits, and many quaint scenes are to be witnessed at the railway stations on the arrival of fresh alien bands.

In such towns as Motherwell the large number of foreign faces to be seen would almost lead a stranger to imagine he was in some Continental city.

In consequence of the misbehaviour of the fishermen from whom the Newbigin lifeboat crews are picked, the National Lifeboat Association has decided to close the station.

NELSON TEA PENSION.

Company Advised To Suspend for a Time Distribution of Profits.

Messrs. Nelson and Co. issued last night to their widow tea pensioners the following circular:—

January 13, 1905.
Dear Madam,—The directors have been legally advised that, in consequence of the litigation now pending against the company, they are not justified in distributing the share of profits under the purchase card until some order is made by the Court.

In the meantime these moneys will be placed to the Widow's Pension Fund Account, and be carefully preserved for payment in due course. Negotiations are now proceeding with the object of placing the whole business on a thoroughly sound and profitable basis for the customers.

We rely on your continued support, and we anticipate that in the course of two or three weeks we shall be able to make an announcement which will be satisfactory to all concerned.—Yours faithfully,

E. INGHAM (General Manager).

It is calculated that the above announcement will affect over 20,000 widows.

SUGAR TAX TO STAY.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain Thinks Too Gloomy a View Has Been Taken.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday, in reply to a trade deputation, refused to remove the duty on sugar.

Mr. Edwards, the president of the Confectioners' Association, said the Brussels Sugar Convention was the root of the difficulty. Last year there were 437 factories in the trade. Four years ago there was estimated that 100,000 work people were employed in the trade, to-day 12,000 to 15,000 of these were out of employment, and at least 50,000 were working half-time.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain said he thought the deputation had drawn an over-gloomy picture of the situation. The trade's difficulties were due solely to the rise in the price of sugar following on the shortage in the beet crop. In 1904 there were only thirty-six receiving orders in the trades represented by the deputation.

Even to-day the tax on sugar in other great countries of the world was higher than in this country.

He did not consider the tax on sugar the only tax on raw material. Tobacco and cocoa beans paid duty. Sugar was properly an article of consumption, and paid a tax on that basis, as tea did.

REVIVAL FOR THEATRES.

Mr. Stead Wishes Playgoers To Become Faithful and Devout.

"The theatre is an abominably neglected institution," declared Mr. W. T. Stead to the O.P. Club last night.

At the close of the 16th century there were 200 theatres in London for a population of 150,000 people. To-day, for four and a half million, there are only fifty theatres and music-halls.

"Spectatorism" is spoiling the theatre, which should have votaries as faithful as those of the Church.

Mr. Stead called for cheaper seats. "In Shakespeare's time," he said, "the common people could see the play for a penny."

The theatre must be treated as a necessity, like elementary schools, and put on the rates and taxes, or else the "voluntary contribution" system must be adopted, and we must look for the support from the wealthy.

There should be a theatre revival paralleling the present revival in religion.

GREAT RAILWAY CONGRESS.

Hundreds of European Railway Officials Will Learn Lessons in America.

In May 135 railway officials of Great Britain will go to Chicago as delegates to the International Railway Congress which is to be held there.

They will scrutinise American methods, and every new invention which has been adopted in the United States during recent years will be tested and adopted.

In all 900 European heads of railway departments will attend this congress, which, it is expected, will result in several important changes being made in the present European systems. A daily paper in French and English will be published each morning.

JUDGE GRANTHAM STILL BUILDING.

Although Sir William Grantham has said that he does not intend to present fresh plans to Chalfey Rural Council, the building of the cottage at Barcombe is being pushed forward all the same.

The council held a private meeting at Lewes yesterday to consider the present position.

ORDERED TO TAKE A HOLIDAY.

Frederick Lucas, the "Daily Mirror" Slave, Set a Pleasant Task.

OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT.

The question, "What is to be done with Frederick Lucas?" has aroused immense interest among the readers of the *Daily Mirror*. The post has come in crowded with answers.

Frederick Lucas is the poor fellow who wrote to us miserably from West Ham, and moved us by his pitiful tale to rescue him from starvation.

He asked to be our "slave," and we humoured his strange fancy by calling him "our slave," and giving him £2 "purchase money" to provide himself with boots, etc., of which he was in sore need.

We announced that he was ready to do anything he was told to prove himself a man worthy to earn his living. We also invited suggestions from our readers as to how we could best do so.

We have had many suggestions and one or two kindly offers, of which the following is one:—

A Kindly Offer.

Messrs. Colman and Company, dairymen, of 797, Fulham-road, have written to offer employment to Lucas, if he proves suitable, as foreman to superintend the delivery of milk at a salary of 35s. a week. He will probably be sent to see whether he is "suitable."

But before poor Lucas is put to any more tasks he has been dispatched by the *Daily Mirror* to take a little holiday. The word "holiday" brought tears to the poor "slave's" eyes.

He has not seen his wife and four little ones since April last. They have been in Liverpool, while he has been starving and tramping for work through eight cruel months of disappointment and despair in London.

Hardly realising the good luck that had happened to him, he has been sent home to Liverpool for two days. He will describe his holiday—what a holiday it will be—in Monday's *Daily Mirror*.

REAR-ADMIRAL W. H. MAY,



Who has just received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the King, and has been created a K.C.V.O.—(Elliott & Fry.)

CLOTHED IN BANK-NOTES.

Proprietor of Twenty-four "Bazaars" Who Fleed from His Creditors.

With a large sum in Bank of England notes stitched in the lining of his clothes George Hudson Reid, a bankrupt, disappeared from London, and so deprived his creditors of substantial assets.

He has now been brought to justice, and at the Old Bailey yesterday pleaded guilty to extensive frauds under the Bankruptcy Act. He was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. At the time of his arrest he was practising as a hypnotist at South Norwood, under the professional name of "Professor Hayslip."

SHAMROCK IV.

An unexpected call to London has delayed Sir Thomas Lipton's negotiations with the Glasgow yacht designers and experts concerning the plans for a new America Cup challenger.

Interviewed for the *Daily Mirror* before he left, Sir Thomas said: "I am not only willing to challenge again, but I am most anxious to do so, and would go ahead as soon as I could see any reasonable grounds."

STEAMBOAT COURTSHIP.

Romance of the Holyhead Boat Ends in a Breach of Promise Action.

PAISED HER EYEBROWS.

A breach of promise suit brought by a Dublin barmaid against a Welsh doctor was heard in the Dublin Courts yesterday.

Miss Frances Hanrahan, the plaintiff, a tall, stylish, young lady, told how she met the defendant, Dr. William Harrop Parry, of Llanrwst, Wales, on board the mail steamer from Holyhead.

She was sitting on a seat on deck when he came up with an envelope on which were written his name and address.

The acquaintance thus made ripened at the Kingsbridge Terminus, where she was employed. The defendant visited her there, and praised her eyebrows.

He also advised her to have her teeth seen to, saying that he would pay the cost.

When she changed to Limerick Junction he turned up there, too, and on January 11, 1904, asked her to marry him. He showed her a deposit receipt for £1,500, and said he had a carriage.

She Called Him "Harrop."

Three months later, however, his devotion had cooled, for on April 2 he wrote the following remarkable letter:—

"Will you be good enough to refrain henceforward from addressing me by word of mouth. I regret having led you to write to me as you have done.

"Particularly do I request you not to address me as Harrop.

"And in future I feel that it is quite as well not to send me a kiss.

"Also, please do not sign 'Yours affectionately,' or give me your Christian name."

The plaintiff, on writing for an explanation, received in reply a letter from the defendant's wife, of whose existence she had previously been unaware.

The case was adjourned.

FOOD AND FLAMES.

Bacon, Biscuits, Tea, and Beer Destroyed in Two Big Fires.

One of the most destructive fires that have been seen in Glasgow for a long time broke out yesterday morning at Messrs. Lipton's produce store, Lancefield-street. Damage to the extent of £30,000 was done, and 200 hands will be thrown out of work.

In a few hours the sausage factory and the store were destroyed. The air was redolent with the smell of burnt bacon, biscuits, and tea. The spectators might have imagined themselves in a vast kitchen.

The rats in the Gatheshead sewers yesterday had a chance of becoming thorough toasts. This was owing to the fire which in the early hours of the day gutted the beer-bottling premises of Messrs. J. Rowell and Son.

Some 30,000 gallons of beer mingled with the water flowed into the drains.

REVEALED AT LAST.

"Silent Worshipper" Will Meet "Shy Lady" Next Tuesday.

On Tuesday next will occur the climax of the love drama of "Silent Worshipper" and "Shy Lady," whose correspondence has for weeks past formed an attractive feature of the "Morning Post" agony column.

On Thursday "Shy Lady" at last succumbed to the persistence of "Silent Worshipper," and acknowledged his love as follows:—

To "SILENT WORSHIPPER."—I am proud to acknowledge you, and should like much to see you if you would kindly state time, and where to see you.—From SHY LADY.

Immediately she received the following reply, which appeared yesterday:—

SHY LADY.—Did you notice a red-haired one at K.'s X one day. If so, would like to meet you at same place on 17th, four o'clock.—SILENT WORSHIPPER.

MIDNIGHT COLLISION.

The passengers on the Royal Mail Packet Ulster, which left Kingstown on Thursday night for Holyhead, had an exciting experience.

Near the Stack Light, the packet came into collision with the M. J. Headley, a steamer bound from Liverpool to Bristol. The Headley, struck amidships, drifted ashore. The bows of the packet were badly crumpled.

The crew of the Headley, eleven in all, were in danger, but the Ulster put off two boats and picked them up.

UNHAPPY WIVES.

Rough Voyage Awakens a Husband's Sleeping Conscience.

STAGE AND PULPIT.

Among the many offending husbands and wives whose injured spouses got decrees against them in the Divorce Court yesterday were a shopkeeper, an actor, and a Nonconformist minister.

The stories of these three contained features of more interest than did the other stories.

(1) THE SHOPKEEPER'S STORY.

Samuel James Wade kept two shops in Bolton, a business in which his wife had a pecuniary share. He treated his wife very badly, and one day seized her by the hair, while he brandished a knife, threatening to kill her. He also on other occasions struck her with a poker, and threw hot water over her.

After he left her he wrote her a very peculiar letter of "repentance," in which he said that he had been punished for his cruelty towards her by an attack of sea-sickness. He said:—

Dear Wife,—I have arrived in New York after ten days at sea. I was very bad. It was God's judgment for the wrong I have done you. That woman who has ruined me ought to be shot. The disgrace is so great that I had to leave Bolton. I hope the future may be brighter, and that I shall find someone to make me happy. I ask for your forgiveness, and that you will forget me.—Your loving husband, SAM.

On the evidence of this letter and the tale of a newspaper boy, a decree was granted to Mrs. Wade.

(2) THE ACTOR'S STORY.

Bertram James Paterson was married to his wife, Frances Henrietta, in 1897. They both belonged to the theatrical profession, and went touring together.

But in 1900 Mr. Paterson had to go on a tour by himself for six months, and then unhappiness came to the marriage in the shape of another woman.

The husband met his wife at the end of the tour, and said to her, "I do not want to have done you any more. I like someone else better."

So Mrs. Paterson had to come to the Divorce Court and get a decree.

(3) THE NONCONFORMIST MINISTER'S STORY.

The Rev. C. J. Millar had "Rev." before his name during only part of his career. After he married his wife, Mrs. Alice Jane Millar, in 1886, he was a schoolmaster and tutor. His work took him to various places, and in 1889 he moved from Ilfracombe to London.

In the summer of this year he took his wife to Henley Regatta, and with them went another lady and gentleman. With regard to this gentleman Mr. Millar made an unfounded accusation against his wife when they came back from the trip.

There was a separation, and Mrs. Millar did not see her husband for nine years.

Then she found that he had developed into a Nonconformist minister, and was the pastor of a "Reformed Church" at Chiswick.

His last rôle that his wife detailed to the Court was that of the husband of another "Mrs. Millar" down at Torquay. This lady was a Miss Doré.

The real Mrs. Millar obtained a decree nisi.

CURIOUS IDENTIFICATION.

Accused Man Recognised by His Voice and Large Expanse of Shirt-front.

Singular identification evidence was given at Westminster yesterday when Lionel G. P. Holmes, of Belmont-road, Chiswick, was again charged with having uttered a forged cheque for £319, apparently drawn by Mr. E. M. Fox, president of the American Society.

Mr. Gallon, of the London Joint Stock Bank, who cashed the cheque, said he remembered accused by his voice's peculiar-sounded tones, his black frock-coat, silk hat, and large expanse of white shirt-front.

A bank messenger said Holmes "looked very white, as if about to faint, till the cheque was cashed. Then he changed to quite another colour." Holmes was further remanded.

Soap News

Fels-Naptha saves half the labour of washing and half the wear on clothes.

Other soap is an expense.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

MYSTERY OF A CLOSE.

Glasgow Police Baffled by a Sordid and Brutal Crime.

Glasgow was yesterday the scene of a sordid and mysterious tragedy, which has so far completely baffled the police.

In a King-street "close"—a narrow passage between high tenement buildings—was found a woman in a dying condition, who had obviously been the victim of the most appalling maltreatment.

Her face had been battered out of all human likeness, apparently with a brick, which, stained with blood, lay close at hand.

The woman was removed to the infirmary, where she died shortly afterwards.

No clue to her identity has yet been obtained. She is not known in the neighbourhood where she was found, which is one of the poorest and most squalid parts of Glasgow's East End.

She had not even been seen there before, as far as the information at the disposal of the police goes.

She was about thirty-five years of age, very poorly dressed, and apparently of the ordinary East End type.

DOUBLE-LIFE BURGLAR.



Forty burglaries in Balham and Clapham are by the police placed to the credit of the man, Joseph Machin Hirst, who has been sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

LAYING SIEGE TO HEARTS.

Love Poems to Young Ladies Left in Suburban Gardens and Letter-Boxes.

Such is the confidence of Mr. Anthony Schleman in his personal attractions that he is under the impression that all the young ladies of Woodford Bridge are in love with him.

This, at least, was put forward at Stratford Police Court yesterday as the explanation of an unfortunate encounter between Mr. Schleman and a constable who was on duty in High-road on Thursday night. According to Station-sergeant Key, Schleman has been in the habit of writing love poems and throwing them into the gardens or letter-boxes at the houses where the young ladies live.

He was seen on Thursday night peering in at the windows of a house which had been especially favoured in the matter of love poems, and was told to go away. He resented this, and struck the pressie policeman in the eye, afterwards taking to his heels.

He is described as "an independent gentleman, aged thirty-four," and referred yesterday to his romantic adventures as "only a little bit of fun." His advances, however, have not been welcome to the young ladies concerned.

For assaulting the constable he has been remanded in custody for a week.

FORGED FIVE POUND NOTES.

The two men, Joseph Holloway and Herbert Robinson, and the woman, Mary Ann Harman, who are accused of forging and uttering 45 Bank of England notes, were yesterday committed for trial by the Lord Mayor.

The indictment includes an additional charge of conspiracy, which was preferred during yesterday's hearing at the Mansion House. Holloway and Robinson had nothing to say in reply to the charges, but Harman protested her innocence.

"Working for the unemployed" was how a debtor at Bow County Court described his employment.

HAWKER'S VALET.

Street Matchseller, Robbed by His Manservant.

PROFITS ON BOOTLACES.

A street hawker appeared at Worship-street Police Court yesterday to prosecute his valet for theft.

In a perfectly matter-of-fact manner, the prosecutor, an old man, named George Jenkins, made the remarkable disclosure that he kept a man-servant. Yet his own daily task is to sell matches and boot-laces at a street corner.

There was an air of prosperity about Jenkins which is not characteristic of the ordinary street hawker. He was well-dressed and was wheeled into court in a bath chair. The stolen articles, too, were by no means of trifling value. They comprised a pair of opera-glasses, a watch and chain, and a quantity of good clothing.

Jenkins told the police that these opera-glasses were a present to him from Lady Jeanie. Some of the stolen articles of underclothing were also private gifts.

For thirty-five years at the corner of Shepherdess-walk and City-road Jenkins has stood under the shadow of the walls of the workhouse, offering his humble wares for sale.

His valet was a man named John Hough, who lived with him and attended to his wants. He evidently set a high value on Hough's services, for when he missed the opera-glasses and other articles from the bedroom drawer in which they had been locked he did not tell him in case he might leave the situation.

But he told the police of the theft, and has now lost Hough's services, for the valet was proved yesterday to be the culprit, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

It is believed that Jenkins owns a considerable amount of house property.

EARL'S VIOLENT COUSIN.

Penalty of Imprisonment for an Assault in a Train Reduced to a Fine.

Alfred Eugene Craven, described as a cousin of the Earl of Craven, appeared at the Newington Sessions yesterday against a conviction at South-wark for an assault in a railway carriage.

According to Mr. Frolich, the prosecutor, Mr. Craven asked him to apologise for having knocked his knee on entering the carriage.

Mr. Frolich replied that he had not touched his knee, whereupon Mr. Craven struck him in the face.

For this offence Mr. Craven was sentenced to twenty-one days in the second division.

Yesterday Mr. McConnell upheld the conviction, but reduced the penalty to a fine of 40s. and full costs.

NEW LONDON MAGISTRATE.



Hon. John de Grey, half-brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Walsingham, who has been appointed a Metropolitan magistrate, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Sheil.—(Elliott and Fry.)

TROUBLESOME BOOTS.

After being turned out of several public-houses a labourer, named William Kennedy, was arrested for drunkenness.

"It was my boots, sir," he told the Marlborough-street magistrate yesterday. "They over-balanced me. They are 'tens,' and I usually take about 'fives.' It was not me they turned out. It was the boots, and I could not keep upright in them." He was fined 10s. and costs.

DELIGHTS OF A HOME.

Solicitor's Clerk's Amusing Letters from a Brighton Retreat.

There was another amusing day at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Henry Charles Mandy, formerly clerk to Henry Robert Jones, a Wandsworth solicitor, who is accused of concocting a bill of costs, again went into the witness-box.

Mandy is chief witness for the prosecution, who allege that Jones obtained £967 8s. 10d. from the Wandsworth and Clapham Union by false pretences. The defence suggests that Mandy was actuated by motives of revenge, because Jones had had to dismiss him for drunkenness.

"Just before you left," asked Mr. Moyes in cross-examination, "didn't you offer to kneel down and kiss the prisoner's hand if he would let you go on working?"

Mandy: No. I should not go through such a legal pantomime.

Mr. Moyes read extracts from several letters written by Mandy from St. Joseph's Home at Hove.

Shaky Gardiner,

"There are gardens of flowers, and chickens, and pigs," he wrote. "The male sex here are the queerest lot I have met for a long time. I offered to do a bit of gardening, but, being a bit shaky, I chopped off the heads of several carnations. The good mother is pleased in the improvement up to date."

In another letter Mandy had written:—In the afternoons I sport my figure occasionally on the beach and drop in at a pub for a solid pint. Who has Jones got for a clerk? I hope he is a moral young man, and not given to bitter-berf. If he is give him a trust, and tell him to wait in the footsteps of Jones's old clerk. Where do the legal gentlemen with whom I use to foregather meet now? At the Winning Horse?

Mr. Moyes: What is that?—It is a public-house that the people at Wandsworth County Court used.

Another sentence in the letter was: "Do you go to the Little Bethel?"

Mr. Moyes: What is Little Bethel?—Not a public-house.

After other evidence had been called the trial was again adjourned.

SCHOOLBOY BURGLARS.

Two Daring Marauders Burst Into Tears When Sentenced To Be Birched.

Two Thames Ditton schoolboy burglars, named James Sanderson and Herbert Fryer, seemed very repentant when charged at Kingston yesterday, and burst into tears when sentenced to six strokes each with the birch.

The lads broke into a Portsmouth-road builder's office, reaching the window with a ladder obtained from grounds near by.

Sanderson was also charged with stealing a lady's bicycle from outside of shop, and a van lamp.

The parents of the lads said they were beyond their control, and they could do nothing with them.

HEALTH CRUISES.

Consumptives May Cruise in a Liner Down the Sunny Mediterranean.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company are making special arrangements for health cruises.

Their new steamer *Fürst Bismarck*, which is to be launched in April, will, in some respects, be fitted up as a floating sanatorium.

Cases of infectious diseases will be strictly excluded, and a competent medical staff will be on board. The first trip will be made in the Mediterranean in May.

A large sailing-vessel, adds the "Lancet," will leave this country under the management of a Scottish physician about the end of this month for a long voyage in warm latitudes, with a passenger-list of consumptives limited to fifty, nebricaries, and other invalids.



TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for TEETHING.

Sold by all Chemists at 1½ per bottle.

WINE AND THE NOBILITY.

Curious Circular Issued in the Interests of a New Company.

TITLES AND TRADE.

Since the aristocracy of England began to "go into trade" nothing has equalled the sensation created yesterday by the publication of the following circular, announcing the formation of the London and Dublin Wine Association.

The circular, which is signed with the name of "Adam Scott and Company," a well-known Dublin firm of wine merchants, gives the following list of directors:—

Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O., 21, Lowndes-square, London, chairman.
Viscount Chelsea, 48, Bryanston-square, London.
Captain the Hon. Gerald Cadogan, Cadogan-place, London.

M. Stokes O'Callaghan, Esq., St. Alban's-mansions, Kensington Court.
Adam Scott, Dublin, managing director.

After setting forth these names the circular continues:—

Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O., is State Steward to His Excellency Lord Dudley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and possesses great influence with His Excellency and most of the nobility of the United Kingdom, and is in particularly good relations with Vincent Corkran, Esq., the gentleman who purchases the Lord-Lieutenant's wines and spirits.

Viscount Chelsea is the eldest son of the Earl Cadogan, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who the week before last entertained His Majesty King Edward and her Majesty the Queen at his seat, Calford, and among those who were present to meet their Majesties were Lord Lurgan, Viscount Chelsea, and Captain the Hon. Gerald Cadogan (younger brother of Viscount Chelsea).

Mr. Mark Stokes O'Callaghan is financial secretary to Earl Dudley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and is in close touch with the Catholic bishops and clergy of the United Kingdom. Mr. O'Callaghan is a born salesman, and can get wines into places that we could not reach.

The new company's operations will be mainly confined to the supplying of wines and spirits of the highest class to the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church, the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, the Army and Navy, and the best clubs and hotels.

There is every element in the new company to make it a great financial success and to do a high-class business, and it should prove a splendid medium for bringing your wines prominently before the best classes, and for introducing them more largely into the best clubs and hotels.

The directors are in treaty with several other influential noblemen to join the board of the new company, each of whom will bring to the company increased selling power and influence.

The directors have undertaken to devote a large share of their time to personally pushing the sale of the company's goods amongst their friends, and such a combination must prove successful in popularising and creating a demand for any article the new company enthusiastically undertake the sale of.

Lord Lurgan yesterday repudiated the circular, and has expressed his extreme annoyance that a document so "vulgar, misleading, and unauthorised" should have been issued.

He has further placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors.

Other disclaimers will be awaited with interest.

CANARIES AT THE PALACE.

Quaint and Beautiful Songsters in a Great Bird Show.

Over two thousand cage birds, chiefly canaries, were on view at the Crystal Palace yesterday.

Three centuries ago the canary was a little streaky-olive-green finch of the Atlantic islands.

To-day, not content with the yellow variety, breeders have invented the plan of feeding moulting birds with various colour-producing substances, chief of which is cayenne pepper, with the result that rank upon rank of glowing orange-coloured birds greets the visitor to this or any other show.

The shape has also been altered: we have the high-shouldered, long-necked Belgian; the slender, but upright Yorkshire; and the quaint crested Norwich, with his mop of head-feathers. It is a curious fact that good crested birds cannot be bred from two crested parents, but the low-browed "crest-bred" has to be paired with a bird possessing a crest to get the best results—a "crest-bred" being a crestless bird of crested lineage.

Most people, however, will see more beauty in the plain-headed Norwich, in which the shape has been left as nature made it, and only the size increased, and the colour enhanced by the above-mentioned method of feeding during the moult.

The little "Border Fancy" and German canaries have been left of the natural size as well as shape, and are not colour-fed, but the latter has been cultivated for the colour, and now turns out a low, sweet, trilling melody, very different from the ear-splitting "lost chicken" top notes to which the English canary is so distressingly addicted.

The British birds are particularly interesting, as giving an opportunity of a view at close quarters of some of our less familiar birds. When one has looked at the bright orange, the green and green spotted woodpeckers, the quaintly-moustached bearded tit, the Cornish chough, the Bohemian waxwing, one may see the pleasing paradox of a white blackbird, and the still greater rarity of a white thrush.

FRANK FINN, F.Z.S.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Leeds Art Gallery committee has gratefully accepted Mr. Frank Brangwyn's offer of a design for a mural decoration.

Spring sailings between Glasgow and the U.S.A. and Canada open with the Anchor liners Columbia and Caledonia, which leave on March 11 and 25 respectively.

SECOND COTTON FIRE.

Another cotton fire occurred at Liverpool yesterday, when 2,300 bales were destroyed, and damage done to the amount of over £7,000.

This makes the second fire within the week in warehouses belonging to the Liverpool Warehousing Company.

SOUGHT ONE, FOUND FOUR.

Hard pressed by the Whaddon Chase Hounds, a fox took shelter in a drain at the Manor Farm, Loughton, Essex.

A terrier was put in, and ejected in succession three foxes, all of which were killed, a fourth which was unearthened being left to do duty for another day.

THEIR FIRST VISIT.

For the first time in its history, the famous Royal Artillery Band of Portsmouth will to-day visit the metropolis, and give its first concert at the Alexandra Palace at 7.30 p.m.

To-morrow the band will play twice, at the Islington Empire at 3.15 and at the Alhambra at 7 p.m.

On each occasion the principal item on the programme will be a cornet-solo, arranged from the song, "I Have Heard of a Land," by J. M. Capel.

The Dover corporation received a Board of Trade sanction yesterday to build an electric tramway between Dover and Kearsney.

By killing and dressing a bullock in twenty-eight and a half minutes, a butcher of Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, has won a wager of £5.

Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley has presented to the shelters at Waterloo, Clapham-junction, and Vauxhall, and to the Lambeth Fire Brigade, copies of the book entitled, "The Care of Horses."

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

Among the applications received by the burial board at Crook, Durham, for the position of gravedigger, is the following:—

I am not seeking the situation for the purpose of procuring a free house and a weekly wage. It is because I have a desire for the work.

QUAKER COMPLIMENT TO LEEDS.

For 223 years, without a break, the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends has been held in London.

Some surprise was felt, therefore, when it was stated that, contrary to all precedent, the annual reunion would this year be held at Leeds.

It is now announced that the change is due to the frivolous attractions of London, which enticed many Quakers away from the meetings. Leeds, it is considered, has less of these allurements.

PRIEST AS A BAKER.

There died at Blackburn yesterday Canon Maglione, who, owing to his attacks on the Italian Government with respect to the abolition of the

DISTRICT RAILWAY.

דיסטריקט ריילוויי.

בוקט פון דיזען מיינישען

פיר

צו

אונזערע וועגן

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THE ALIEN INVASION.

So many thousands of alien Jews are now settled in the East End that the District Railway Company has found it necessary to issue posters of its train service in Yiddish, as shown above.

which forms one of the new numbers of the "Carmelite" sixpenny music, on sale Monday next, while at the evensong concert Mr. Robert Cunningham will sing Signor Denza's "Ever of Thee," another of the new "Carmelite" 6d. songs.

NOT SO ORIGINAL AS HE THOUGHT.

Said to have earned £3,000 in a year as a "character reader," Harold Claude Devigne announced at his bankruptcy examination, at Exeter, that he was "not content to live as other men."

One of his creditors remarked that there was nothing original in living above one's means.

POLICE TYRANNY IN DEVON.

South Molton, Devonshire, is indignant at what it terms systematic excess of zeal on the part of the local constabulary.

Policemen, it is stated, stop children running in the street and tell them they must walk, while young couples have been sharply spoken to for laughing in public thoroughfares.

In church a young man, who did not turn to the east during the Creed, was tapped on the shoulder by a constable, who instructed him to turn round.

DOG OWNERS BEWARE.

Revenue officers at Leeds are expecting an extensive windfall within the next few months.

Last year 15,659 dog licences were issued in that city, but, though these should have been renewed on January 1, up to yesterday only 400 licences have been issued.

Since there appears to be no diminution in the number of dogs, it is calculated that some 14,500 citizens are liable to heavy fines for keeping dogs without a licence.

Pope's temporal supremacy, had, in his youth, been imprisoned at Naples.

Thence he escaped to Turkey, disguised as a baker, and subsequently coming to England, settled at Blackburn thirty years ago.

This, however, is not the opinion of the local constabulary, who think that after tramping for eight hours on hard pavement they are entitled to rest their feet on something more comfortable than oilcloth.

SHOULD POLICEMEN HAVE CARPETS?

"What does a policeman want with a carpet?" exclaimed Judge Owen at the Cardiff County Court, when it was sought to prove that carpets were "necessaries" for a police station. "A piece of oil-cloth will do."

ENGLAND DRINKS AUSTRALIAN WINE.

Australian vineyards, writes "Statistician," are receiving the attention they so justly merit from the people of the British Isles, judging by the returns for 1904, which, as compared with those of the previous year, show:—

Total increase of Australian wines imported, 70,507 gallons.

Total decrease of wines from all other countries, 2,408,823 gallons.

Australian wines alone show an increase in total imports, while France shows a decrease of 1,387,738 gallons.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

SOUSA AS A CONDUCTOR.

There are many orchestral conductors, but there is only one Sousa. He conducts as no one else conducts—with his hands, his head, his hair, and his feet, not to mention the baton, which becomes a live thing in his hand.

From the time he demands the attention of his band with an autocratic little tap of his baton, as he is seen doing in one of the special photographs obtained by the *Daily Mirror*, and reproduced on page 1, his actions are amazing. He rouses his band to enthusiasm by wildly waving his hands towards heaven as if in despair of the impotence of brass to rise to a true fortissimo, and anon, by a movement as if he were smoothing a crumpled satin ribbon, reduces the brazen tumult he has aroused to quiet.

He makes his baton seem to wriggle like a snake at one moment, and uses it as a foil in an imaginary fencing contest in the next. He has some fresh surprise to spring upon his audience in the matter of weird gesture at every performance. With it all he keeps his band extraordinarily well in hand—the instrumentalists know apparently how to interpret his slightest as his queerest movement, and follow him as one man.

At the concert he has just given it was plain that he had increased his command of gesture largely since he was last in London, and, as his band is as good as ever, and Mr. Sousa's new compositions pleased his hearers, it is not surprising that the applause was tumultuous. How he acknowledged it the centre of our three photographs reveals.

THE BANK-NOTE FORGERIES.

The bank-note forgery case has aroused the keenest public interest, owing to the dramatic manner in which the accused persons were shadowed and finally arrested by the detectives engaged. One of them, indeed, succeeded so thoroughly in gaining the confidence of the man he was engaged in watching that he was invited to witness a stage in the manufacture of one of the bogus notes.

Yesterday the Mansion House Court was crowded when the prisoners were brought up again, and a large number of people who were unsuccessful in gaining admittance assembled to see the two men and the woman accused enter the prison-van, which was in waiting to convey them to Holloway Prison, as may be seen by the photograph on page 1.

THE NORTH SEA COMMISSION.

The North Sea Commission has commenced its sittings, at one of which the photograph on pages 8-9 was taken, with Admiral Doubaoff representing Russia, in the place of Admiral Kaznakoff, who was so mysteriously recalled to St. Petersburg after attending the preliminary meetings.

According to the terms of the Convention between Great Britain and Russia, the Commission has to "inquire into and report on all the circumstances relative to the North Sea incident, and particularly on the question as to where responsibility lies and the degree of blame attaching to the subjects of the two high contracting Powers, or to subjects of other countries."

THE FALLING CLIFFS.

That the last of the cliff falls at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, has not yet happened may be understood from our photograph on page 9, which shows some of the cracks that are every day widening in the chalk. Everything points to a much bigger fall than has yet taken place within the next few days—more than a million tons of chalk being gradually separated from the body of the cliff by a growing clef.

HIS COMRADES' FAREWELL TRIBUTE.

At the funeral of Frederick Grice, the young jockey who was killed at the Coliseum while riding in the Derby race scene, the most touching among many floral tributes was that shown on page 8. It came from the other jockeys engaged in the scene, and its inscription—"His last race—a hard finish"—was, under all the circumstances, singularly appropriate.

The accident which caused his death happened so unexpectedly and was such a momentary affair that many different accounts are given of it with an almost equal show of reason; but it seems plain that Grice's horse, which was on the outer edge of the revolving platform, slipped and came in contact with the stationary part of the stage. The result was not surprising when it is remembered that the platform was revolving at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour. Both the horse and its rider were hurled into the orchestra.

It was an extraordinary thing that the horse escaped unhurt, but the jockey had been dashed against the proscenium with fearful force, and died a quarter of an hour after he was carried to Charing Cross Hospital.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

"INASMUCH AS YE DID IT—"

OF all the men who have deserved well of the present age we doubt if there is one whose work has borne more valuable fruit than that of Dr. Barnardo, who speaks of it in our columns to-day, and who will this afternoon hold his great annual meeting in the Albert Hall.

It is not merely that he has actually drawn some 55,000 children out of the vortex of squalor, incompetence, and crime, and turned them into decent, useful citizens. He has also, by his example, directed attention to the now generally admitted truth that the only certain way of improving the physique and the morals and the manners of the nation is to catch slim children young, and so prevent their growing up into wastrels, drunkards, criminals, as they surely would if they were left alone.

It is a shameful testimony to the debasing effect of city life that such work as Dr. Barnardo's should be necessary. As a population gathers itself more and more into vast areas of brick and mortar every kind of vice increases in volume. One consequence is that there always exists a pitiful miasma and pestilence of bad and never-do-well parents are hung into the whirlpool of wretchedness often at their very birth.

There is no one to throw the life-line to them. What chance do they stand? They sink deeper and deeper. They become a curse to themselves and to the nation. From such a fate it is Dr. Barnardo's glory to have saved many thousands. All over the world there are men and women, doing credit to themselves and to the British race, who acknowledge that they owe everything to him.

He never refuses to take in a homeless child if he can find a corner for it. He feeds it, clothes it, teaches it—above all, he trains its character, makes it self-reliant, industrious, God-fearing. He tells us in his article that he has found Christianity anything but a spent force. Of course he has, and so does everybody else who understands the proper relation between Faith and Works.

TOILETS AND TELEPHONES.

The telephone girls—the "All-meas-es," as they call them in Paris—have vindicated their girlhood. Hitherto they have been obliged to observe a stern plainness in their dress. Fallals were forbidden. Even coloured blouses were condemned. The regulations have always been resented. Lately there has been a determined revolt against them. Of course, the "persistent sex" has won.

Men will obey almost any summary laws. One bank in London still insists upon its clerks being clean-shaven and wearing black ties. To wear a moustache in the Navy or a beard in the Army is contrary to rules. Yet we never hear even of a protest.

Women are made of different stuff. Bad pay and long hours they submit to without a murmur. But we betide the man who tries to introduce anything like uniformity of appearance among them. The plainest woman believes that she can make herself attractive by toilet tricks, and the prettiest is always persuaded that they can be improved.

Pretty girls and plain girls united in a common cause can wear down any opposition. No wonder the telephone company has had to give way.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Love, learn, and teach are the watchwords of our progress. Therein lies the keynote of man's destiny.—*Sarah Grand.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO the most exclusive Conservative circles the result of the Mile End election came as something of a gratifying surprise. Prominent members of the Cabinet anticipated a Radical win, and, in a sweepstakes on the result, of eighteen entries ten gentlemen declared for Straus with majorities ranging from twenty to 290. Mr. Balfour, who was speaking at Glasgow, left the gathering before the result was received, but it is

beyond doubt that the figures, when they reached him, came as a pleasant surprise.

One cannot help feeling the pathetic interest which attaches to the Empress Eugénie's occasional visits to Paris. She is there now, like a mere stranger, where she once was Empress. Then she never drove out without a crowd to follow her. Now she passes almost unnoticed in the midst of it. If you happen to attend morning mass on a week-day in Notre Dame you may some-

times see her kneeling alone there, and wonder what she is thinking or praying about. On a certain September evening thirty-four years ago, during the Franco-German war, she slipped out of her palace, spent the night at the house of an American doctor who was the only friend she could find, and fled the next day to England.

Strange stories are told of how the Empress Eugénie tried to prop her tottering throne just before the war which brought it crashing down in 1870. One of her "desperate remedies" was to sell the magnificent jewels in her possession. The sale had to be kept an absolute secret. The jewels were therefore taken to pieces and entrusted to an Englishman who volunteered to dispose of them in India. The worry of doing so, the danger of carrying the worth of hundreds of thousands of pounds about with him, nearly drove the Englishman mad.

The Earl of Dalhousie authorises the *Daily Mirror* to contradict, as without foundation, a story published in New York to the effect that an Italian woman was claiming to be his Countess on the strength of a "Scottish marriage" contracted many years ago. Lord Dalhousie, who, with his real Countess is leaving Egypt next week for Egypt, is one of the wealthiest of Scottish peers, and in every way one of fortune's favourites. When he was quite a child his parents went to America for a tour. They got no further than the coast of France before the Countess fell ill and died. Within twenty-four hours the Earl followed her—killed by the shock.

When Lord Dalhousie went to school at Dover, then, he was an orphan. But since that early calamity he has been very happy. Perhaps his good luck may be attributed to a family heirloom, which is said to control the destinies of his family. This is a magic pear, said to have been given by a wizard to one of Lord Dalhousie's ancestors. The wizard said that the pear must be kept whole; if it were eaten the Dalhousies would die out. The pear, which looks uncommonly like a plum, is, therefore, shut up in a carefully-guarded silver casket.

A wonderful old man is Señor Manuel Garcia, who will celebrate his 100th birthday next March, and will be presented on that occasion with a testimonial by the society which honours the exceedingly ugly name of Loryngloccal. Manuel Garcia, who still gives singing lessons regularly at his house at Cricklewood, is one of the veterans who have clear recollections of Waterloo, and his infancy was shadowed by the fearful spectre of Buonaparte. Nevertheless he is still remarkably bright and strong. He was once covered, when he was well past seventy, by a friend who called upon him, drinking strong tea (without milk) and eating hot buttered rolls (or lunch). It cannot therefore have been a modicor fare for diet which has been the secret of his longevity.

It is curious, too, to hear that the oldest singing master in the world was extremely delicate as a baby. His father made him work pretty hard, however, training him for the operatic stage. His methods were rather severe. The neighbours used to hear piercing yells proceeding from old Garcia's house. "What is that?" strangers would ask, and were always reassured by hearing that it was "only Mr. Garcia teaching his little ones how to sing." He produced high notes in them by pinching them suddenly and violently. It did not seem to do them any harm.

The truth of the commonplace which says that we always return some day to our first loves is proved by the case of Lady Cook, once Miss Tennessee Claflin, who has just gone back to her native land, the United States, to take up once more the cause of woman's rights, which she has always defended so valiantly. Lady Cook is indeed a very independent person. She made herself almost famous in New York, many years ago, by appearing with her sister (now Mrs. Biddulph Martin) as a spiritualistic medium. Then she went to the materialistic extreme of becoming a lady stockbroker—the first of the kind, apparently, to astonish even the sophisticated Yankees.

Lady Cook "retired" from these ventures, however, and followed more frequented paths when she married her late husband, Sir Francis Cook, who died in 1901, and left a million and a half to her and to her stepson. Lady Cook lives now (when she is not crusading on behalf of her sex) in the famous Doughty House, Richmond. Doughty House has a beautiful view in front, and a magnificent collection of pictures inside.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

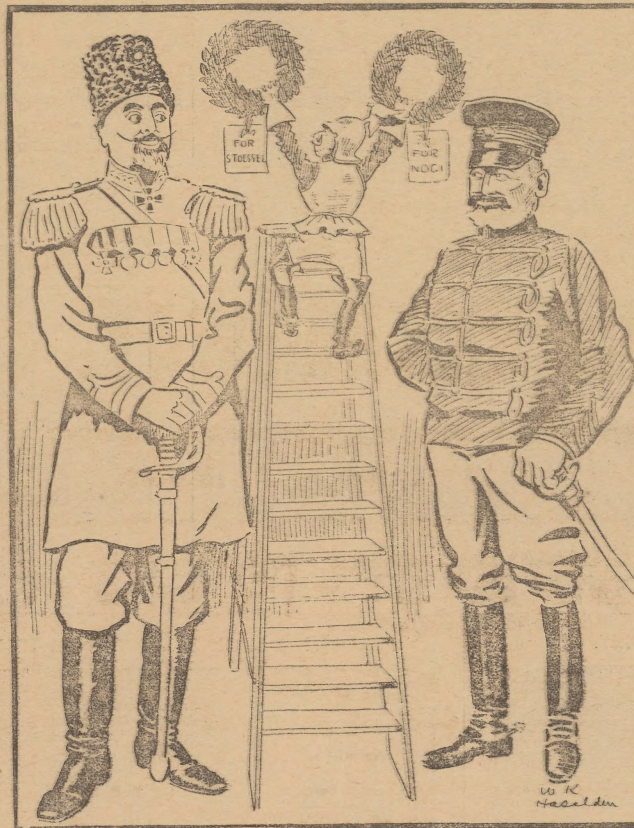
JANUARY 14.—Flowers, trees, verdant lawns, pretty walks, beautiful chimneys, these are the chief joys of a garden.

Now is a good time to put up arches or a pergola—i.e., a colonnade of arches. Roses, clematis, vines, jessamines, honeysuckles, etc., can be planted to grow over them.

What more charming picture has a garden than a well-covered pergola, or arches draped with lovely climbing plants?

Climbers, too, should be trained over the house. Even the humblest villa can, in a few years, be made to look attractive. A bare wall should not be tolerated. E. F. T.

THE LITTLE EMPEROR AND THE FIG GENERALS.



The German Press is inclined to resent Kaiser Wilhelm's patronage of the heroes of Port Arthur, Nogi and Teesell. It even hints that his object is quite as much to draw attention to himself as to honour them.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Thomas Lipon.

THE pertinacity with which he keeps up the hunt after that illusive America Cup is simply wonderful. It is still anxiously trying to find a designer for a new Shamrock.

If you ask him he will tell you that he has four hobbies. The first is work; the second is work and yachting; the third, yachting and work; and the fourth is the same, with perhaps the addition of horses.

His love of yachting is innate, his love of horses acquired and the result of his life in America. His Kentucky trotters are wonders.

Behind these same trotters he makes his daily trip to London and work, for he is essentially an open-air man—when he gets the chance—and, besides, he finds they cover the ten miles from "Osidge," his place in Middlesex, quicker than he could travel by train.

But, as well as his work and his yachts and his horses, he manages to find time for other things, which he does not think worth mentioning. He has made quite a name as a grower of orchids—one is called "Liptonia." He even does a little gardening. A good many evenings of the week are spent around his billiard-table, and an occasional daylight hour is given to golf.

He is able to do so much in the day because he does not go to bed till twelve, and is always up by seven. Then, too, he does not care about the ordinary amusements. It is very rarely indeed that he is to be seen at a theatre. He prefers music halls—it is so much easier to walk out.

He is a wonderful business man, has never been down-hearted, is lavishly generous, and says he is no longer ambitious. He would be perfectly contented if only he could win that cup.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

"Is your husband's condition critical?" "No," answered the patient-looking woman. "That's what makes me think he must be sick. He doesn't find any fault at all."—*Washington Star.*

Manager of "Barn-storming" Company: I had to sack my new leading man last week.

Friend: Why?

Manager: He had such a loud voice that no one paid to come in. They all stayed and listened outside.—*Journal Amusant* (Paris).

I see that th' Prinsint is plannin' an attack on th' good old English custom iv wife-beating. An' he's right. No gentleman shud wallop his wife, an' no gentleman vund. I'm in favour iv havin' wife-beaters whipped, an' I'll go further an' say that 'wud be a good thing to have ivry married man scorged about wunst a month.—Mr. Dooley in th' "Westminster Gazette."

An old negro, who had been working for a cotton planter, one morning went to his employer and said:

"It's gwine quit, boss."

"What's the matter, Mose?"

"Well, sah, yer manager, Mistah Winter, ain't kicked me in de las' free mums."

"I ordered him not to kick you any more. I don't want anyone to hurt your feelings, Mose."

"Ef I don't git any more kicks I're goin' to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always git 'shamed of hisself and gimme a quarter. I've done los' enuff money a'ready wid dis heah foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelins'."—*Philadelphia Post.*

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS.

DECLARING THE POLL AT MILE END.



A flashlight photograph, showing the crowd outside the Public Library, Bancroft-road, Mile End, when the result of the poll was declared. An immense crowd had gathered, eager for the news, and some rough play ensued when the returning officer announced the figures. — (Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

MEETING OF THE NORTH



The Commissioners who are now sitting at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Reading from right to left the Commissioners at the table are (France), Admiral Von Spaun (Austria), and Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont.

TRIBUTE TO A JOCKEY.



The floral tribute from the jockeys at the Coliseum to their comrade, Frederick Grice, who was killed while taking part in the Derby race scene. — (Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

SPANISH DANCING AT WOOLWICH.



The Sisters Edwardes, Lucia and Clare, who have been engaged to perform their Spanish dances at the Woolwich Theatre pantomime. They are daughters of Dr. Edwardes, of West Norwood.

WITH THE GERMAN



Seal-hunting was the most popular of the explorers who went out simultaneously. Such a family of seals as that shown.

ANOTHER H



The new ambulance for horses, the was on view at Aldridge's Repository, which the League have.

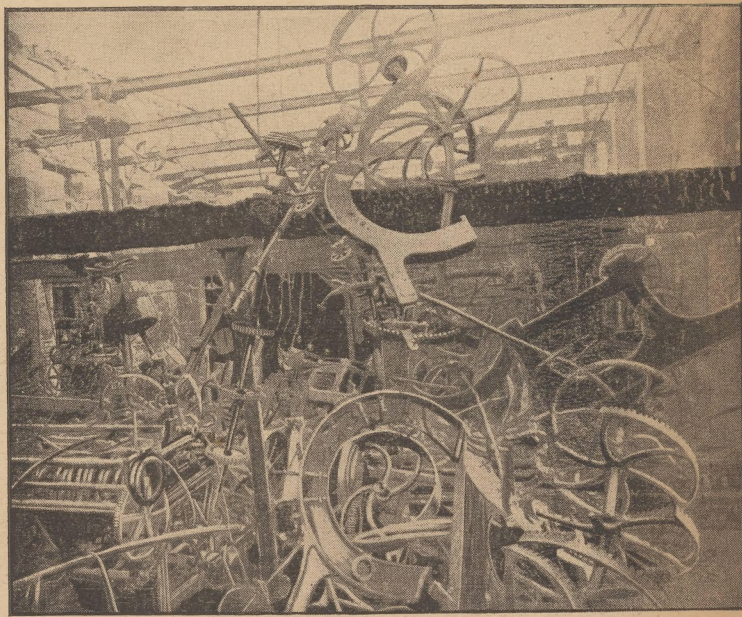
MIRROR, CAMERAGRAPHS.

SEA COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.



in Paris to inquire into the circumstances in connection with the North Sea out- Admiral Davis (United States), Admiral Dubassoff (Russia), Admiral Fournier (England). The gentleman on the extreme left, sitting down, is the secretary to mission.

BIG FIRE AT WITNEY BLANKET FACTORY.



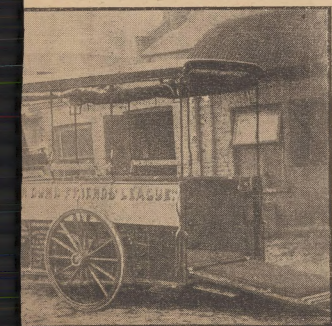
What remains of the machinery after the big fire which broke out at Messrs. Early's blanket factory at Witney, near Oxford, is shown in the above photograph. Many thousands of pounds' worth of damage was caused.—(Prior, Saltmarsh, Witney.)

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.



useful occupation of the German Antarctic with the British and Swedish expeditions. are not only furnished good sport but excel- skins.

SE AMBULANCE.



property of Our Dumb Friends' League, which yesterday. This is the fourth ambulance for service on the London streets.

SCHOOLBOY'S FORTY-SIX PRIZES.



E. S. Plumb, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, of Munster-road School, Fulham, who has made the wonderful record of winning forty-six prizes at football, running, swimming, and school duties. He will play outside right in the West London school team to-day in the senior final for the Corinthian Shield.

TUMBLING CLIFFS AT DOVER.



View of the shattered cliffs at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, where thousands of tons of chalk have slipped into the sea. For many yards back from the edge of the cliff seen above there are ominous cracks in the chalk, threatening a further slide of gigantic dimensions.

BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of

"Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GOETHE.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Vanna Tempest could not live without the luxury, gaiety, and finery which had been hers in the days before the smash which drove her husband to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and had failed, but he was resigned; the woman chafed in the thralls, and her nature was spoiling. Even their daughter, Joan, a girl of fifteen, was shocked at her mother's outbursts of temper and miserable discontent.

In despair, Dick Tempest, the kindest and best of souls, resolved to risk the remnant of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him this time. In a few days he netted the sum of £600. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time. Look up your women friends, and I will write to Heron and ask him to look after you. Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him, but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you're enjoying yourself if I ask him to look after you."

She went, and lived in a world of gaiety—at first. Then the society of Tony Heron was enough. In short, by a terrible irony, her husband's unselfish sacrifice had thrown her into the arms of another man. She loved Tony Heron—and she must go back home. The return was to her a tragedy.

Her husband, all unsuspecting, was delighted at the change in her; but Vanna was a stranger in her own home. In vain she struggled against the temptation, but soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger. Suddenly, by the merest chance, Dick Tempest learns the truth from a dropped letter. He read it through, and when he had finished it he sat and stared at it. Then his lips quivered.

"Vanna—Vanna—" he muttered brokenly. "Tony—Anthony Heron—and Vanna? He writes like this—they love each other—they have been meeting. That's what it means. That's why she's so happy. Oh—my God!"

He seemed to think together. One tearing agonised sob escaped him, the outward expression of a broken heart, and his head fell forward into his hands.

CHAPTER VII.

Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time.
—Shakespeare.

More than an hour had passed before Richard Tempest raised his head; and, when he did so, he had lost something that all the ages could not give him back.

He had trusted blindly, and he had been deceived. It was as if the heavens had fallen or the earth had suddenly been riven at his feet.

During that first hour he had been a prey to all the powers of darkness; he had been whirled about in chaos; fury and hatred had striven with despair. If either the man or the woman had stood before him he could have slain him with one stroke—swift, sure, terrible. He was unreasoning, primeval, the human brute, wounded to death. He was like all the men who have ever loved and been betrayed; and his tortured soul cried aloud for that vain thing—revenge.

But Richard Tempest was not an ordinary man, and when that first wild hour was over, and he raised his head, although there were deep shadows scored on his face that had not been there before, he no longer wanted to kill, nor did he even hate.

He did a thing most unusual, almost superhuman at such a moment—he tried to understand.

First of all he folded the letter that he had found and locked it away. He did not need to see it more; every word was graven on his brain. He tried to put his thoughts in order, to find out the best—no, there could be no best; the easiest—no, there could be no easiest; then, the most possible for Vanna and him to live out their lives.

He found that his brain was half-paralysed; it would only work very slowly. He felt something like a dead man who is trying to put things right in the world that he has left. He could get no further at first than the meaningless repetition of the devastating fact—"Vanna and Anthony Heron—they love each other."

By sheer repetition he began to see with an awful clarity the ghastly truth, that there was nothing extraordinary about the fact, that it might almost have been foreseen from the beginning.

She was still young; she hated poverty; luxury was the breath of her life; she was moped to death in the country. He himself had sent her to London; he himself had written to Anthony Heron

and asked him to look after her, to give her a good time. He himself had thrown them together. Vanna was beautiful; Tony Heron was fascinating, and enormously rich. He had stayed in the cottage, writing and tending his flowers, and dreaming his dreams, while, in London, these two had feasted royally and learned to love each other. And now Anthony Heron wrote and said: "If there were only no one between us!"

What was there between them? Himself—Vanna's husband—the unnecessary third. He had often heard these stories, and pitied the man and hated the woman, or the other way about, just as the circumstances seemed to warrant; or the mood took him. And now it had come into his own life. He was in the way—in his wife's way. She had ceased to love him—or, perhaps, not that; she was very gentle and tender to him; but she had ceased to love him in the only way that makes married life possible. She was still fond of him; but another man had taken possession of her heart, of her senses, of her thoughts.

It was so plain to him now. He had been blind. It explained her bright spirits, her sparkling eyes, her content with the life that she had hated, that had driven her to the verge of hysteria. And he had been mad enough to imagine that a sip of the cup of life had produced this result! When did ever a sip quench a man's or a woman's thirst?

She was satisfied because her heart was filled, and, therefore, her life was full. It was obvious. Women were always like that—for a time. The man engrossed her, that she had no thought for anything else, and all the time she was absent from him was filled with dreams. It did not matter to her whether he were beggar or millionaire.

It was no ordinary affair, it appeared. Vanna did nothing lightly, and Anthony Heron wrote her no less than to tell her in despair because he could not see her for a week, full of tormenting fears because she had once expressed remorse. It was the letter of a strong man in the grip of a strong passion. There was something honest about it. In the fearful bitterness of his heart Richard Tempest could not help conceding that.

I could fall at your feet and beg you to give up everything and come to me.

He wanted her to share his life. If she were free, he would marry her. He could give her everything she wanted, the life, the friends, the gaieties, the gliding, the movement, without which she fretted and pined.

She told him everything, it seemed. He shared her every thought. He rose in his letter about her "horrible poverty." It made Richard Tempest wince to think that she discussed these things with another man.

But he would not judge her. No, he was trying to be reasonable, to understand. How long had it been going on? The letter bore no date; it might have been months ago, or yesterday. He saw all the letters that came to the house; he supposed it and the others—probably Anthony Heron wrote often—were addressed elsewhere. That was why Vanna had taken to doing her marketing herself in Bondington.

And those long walks that he had thought sensible, healthy exercise! They were a mere blind. Ah, what a fool he was! How easily he had been taken in! Vanna had always hated walking until she came back from that visit to London.

She had met Anthony Heron. She had been meeting him all the time. How long was it ago? Six months! Everything came back to him now. Heron came on his motor, the distance from London was nothing for a powerful car. He spoke in his letter of their glorious rides. Richard Tempest imagined them rushing through the country, absorbed in each other, and not easily recognisable, even if they were seen.

He wondered how often they had met. Vanna's walks had been almost daily occurrences lately, while he had been so busy with a fever of excited gladness, because at last it seemed as if the life had turned and he was going to be able to give her a better time. He supposed Anthony Heron came on his motor, the distance from London was nothing for a powerful car. He spoke in his letter of their glorious rides. Richard Tempest imagined them rushing through the country, absorbed in each other, and not easily recognisable, even if they were seen.

It was the deception that hurt him most, the fact that his nature, if Vanna had only been frank with him! And yet he saw, with a miserable clearness of vision, that it was impossible for her to be frank. Frankness and truth are privileges denied to all guilty lovers; lies are their province, deceit is their kingdom. And for its peril and its sweetness they must batten upon the truth, like a bird of night, that when men—

"Where was Vanna now?" She had gone out for a walk. A great wave of anger surged over him at the thought. She had been gone some time—she had left the house immediately after their early midday meal. He remembered her customary farewell to him as he settled down to work in his study.

"It's so dull while you're at work, Dick. I shall go for a good long walk!"

And now it was that walk. She was with him, with Anthony Heron, rushing through the keen air, most probably; or, perhaps, he had already left her, and she was walking home, thinking of him. Richard tortured himself wildly, as men will. He tried to imagine their farewell, their promise of another meeting.

Suddenly the door of the room seemed to stiffen. He rose to his feet so abruptly that he upset his chair, and walked through the tiny hall, and out of the front door, into the porch.

The earth was frost-bound. It was not light and not dark. Away in the west the sun hung low, a great red ball, shining dully through the thin white mist. The bare branches of the trees looked ghastly; the atmosphere was perfectly still.

Richard walked up and down on the small front lawn; it was like iron under his feet. He had not taken two turns before the gate clicked, and a light footstep sounded on the gravel. It was Vanna, and he had not yet made up his mind. He stared as if he were a criminal himself.

"Sudden! Did the door for the room seemed to stiffen," she cried, as he came towards her.

For a moment he could not find words, and she came and walked beside him, tucking her hand into his arm. Her cheeks were glowing with the beautiful flush of health; her eyes sparkled; her voice was joyous.

"How's the work?" she asked. "No, not much," he answered, and he wondered whether his voice sounded in her ears like a voice from the grave. But she said quite naturally: "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm afraid you're working too hard."

"Where have you been?" he asked. "Beyond Bondington," she answered readily, and then up the road that has trees on both sides—you know? And it looked so pretty with all the frost glistening in the sun."

Her words, her light tone, smote him with an agony as great as if her pretty hands had been tearing at his heart. He did not realise at the moment that he had so often questioned her as to where she had been, that after these many months, she was hardened, and the lies came easily. And it was only a half-lie, because she had been up that road and met the motor there; and it had looked pretty, as indeed the whole world looked to her love-ravished eyes.

"Come in," she added, "and have some tea."

And when they sat facing each other in the soft amplitude of the drawing-room he wondered again why she did not appear to notice that his face had become pale, and that his hands were those of a man who is dead. He looked at her, and, with his awful clearness of vision, he knew that she saw nothing around her, that she lived in this house that was no longer her home like a woman in a dream.

"You ought not to be out so late now the days are so short," he said. His voice sounded harsh. Vanna started ever so slightly, and put her tea down with a rattle. Her heart gave a wild leap. Was Dick going to place difficulties in her way? What should she do?

"I think I did stay out a little too late to-day," he answered meekly.

"The roads round about here are so lonely,"

"Oh, I am not frightened."

"Still, you don't meet many people?"

"Oh—no, but—" She broke off, and drank her tea.

Richard hated himself, and again he almost hated her. Why couldn't she be frank? And yet that madness to imagine that she could, that any woman could.

"It makes me anxious in the winter," he went on. Some devil seemed to be putting the words into his mouth; some new and hideous spirit seemed to awake in him, to watch their effect on her. "As you're so fond of the exercise I shall try to manage my work so that I can come with you."

"Yes, Dick—that will be lovely," she said. She had become too expert in deception to falter, but she cast a furtive glance at him. Was his manner not just a little bit strange? Did he suspect anything? Of course not, how could she be so silly? He was smiling at her in his usual tender way. Oh, what a wicked woman she was! What an awful punishment she was laying up for herself! Despite her high-strung, modern nature, she had one simple, straightforward belief, and one of them was a deep-rooted conviction that there was a hell for liars and adulterers. And one day she would burn in it.

But she could not help herself. It had gone too far. She could not give Tony Heron up now; she would rather die. She had no other thought, no other existence. He was her world. She was in that state that, if he had been at one end of the world and she at the other, she would have overcome every obstacle that separated her from him and reached him, if only to fall dead at his feet.

When they had finished their tea Richard went to his study, ostensibly to work. But he paced up and down, up and down, and he could not make up his mind. What was he to do? What was going to happen?

There was no answer. All was blank. It never occurred to him that his suspicions were wrong, although it would have made the difference to him between hell and paradise. Some unerring intuition told him that Vanna loved the man. Her heart was gone from him; the rest did not matter. He began to think of their daughter, of Joan, who was old enough to understand. And the more he thought the more dazed and weary he became, the more like one dead. What should he do? What way was there out of it—what way for him, but, above all, what way for her?

Vanna had made herself pretty for dinner; she wore one of the simpler gowns that she had bought in London.

Ri had seemed to her unsuspicious eyes quite his usual self. He never talked very much, and he did not make the mistake of affecting to be interested. He did not want her to know anything until he had made up his mind.

She thought he looked tired and old; but she put it down to overwork. She wished he would not work so hard; she knew that he was doing it because he wanted to take her to Paris—she did not want to go to Paris, or anywhere out of reach of Tony.

She had not the faintest suspicion that her husband had discovered that letter. She had never missed it; she had been carrying it about with another one, and it had fallen out of the folds of her dress as she was dusting his pupers. Later on he looked the other one away, without noticing that one of the sheets was missing. It had been written some weeks ago, and had him among Dick's papers ever since. Tony Heron had been in Berlin and come back, and her fit of remorse had been stifled in her longing to see him, and their meetings had been resumed; and now the hours that she stole with him were like fleeting moments of heaven in a grey, featureless age of purgatory, which was absence from him; and her love was rapidly growing out of all the limits that wise people set for their emotions, and becoming a madness.

After dinner they sat and talked for a while, and then Dick said he must go back to his work, which meant moving packing up and down, more stumbling and groping in the dark for a way out into the light, more hours of blind and stony and hopeless misery.

"I think I'll go to bed," said Vanna. She was tired from the exhilarating rush in the motor through the keen winter air.

"I shall be up very late to-night," Richard said quietly. "I've an awful lot to do. So I won't disturb you—I'll sleep in the dressing-room. Good night!"

He kissed her on the forehead, and her lips bowed his cheek.

She soon fell asleep, murmuring a prayer.

"God bless Tony," she prayed in all sincerity, and, as an afterthought: "And God bless Dick—dear, good Dick!"

(To be continued.)

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with stately dome,
Floored with gem-like plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er escape,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the stately dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

—William Watson.

"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."

This play, chosen by Mrs. Langtry for her six weeks' season at Terry's Theatre, commencing next Wednesday, January 18, will be cast in the following manner:—

Captain Dering	Mr. Leonard Doane
Jimmy Foster	Mr. Frank Hollins
Lord Granston	Mr. Courtenay Thorpe
Mr. Cunliffe Gordon	Mr. Noel McGuckin
Mr. Clive	Mr. J. Knox Orde
Mrs. Cunliffe Gordon	Miss Daisy Cordell
Duchess of Lashire	Miss Keith Lyson
Lady Granston	Miss Katherine Stewart
Mrs. Dicky Fowler	Miss Kate Davis
Mrs. Haydon	Miss Jean Stewart
Miss Verner	Miss Beatrice Ferrar
Mrs. Dering	Mrs. Langtry

The play is a comedy in three acts, by Mr. Percy Fendall, and has already been acted with success by Mrs. Langtry in America and the provinces.

56,000 CHILDREN RESCUED.

Dr. Barnardo Reviews His Thirty-
Nine Years of Loving Labour.

HIS NOBLE IDEAL.

Home Never Refused to Any Little Hungry,
Homeless Outcast.

By DOCTOR BARNARDO.

At the Albert Hall, to-day, Dr. Barnardo will marshal before the Duchess of Albany and the members of the Young Helpers' League 2,400 boys and girls, who will illustrate their daily life and work under the care of the National Waifs Association. In this interesting article, the founder of the Association explains the origin and objects of his great life-work.

It is forty years save one since I opened a door of welcome to one little Arab boy from among the teeming thousands then on the London streets.

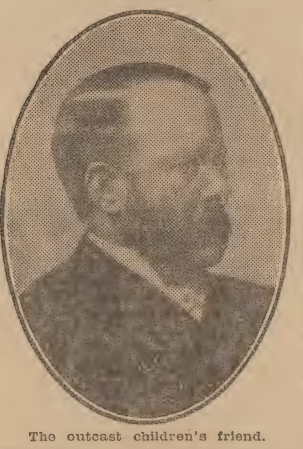
The homes which began to be (although I did not at the time suspect it) when this little lad put his hand in mine have in these thirty-nine years grown and multiplied exceedingly. They are now dealing daily with close upon 8,000 boys and girls in 140 separate branches. They are admitting fourteen new cases every twenty-four hours.

They had on the last day of 1904 rescued in all 55,962 children, of whom they had emigrated 16,100. Their principle of action is simply unconditional admission to the destitute, without limitation of age, sex, creed, birthplace, nationality, or physical health or deformity or defect.

The Young Helpers' League is an offshoot from the parent society. It has organised the united energies of boys and girls of well-to-do—that is, of upper and middle class households—towards the succour of children who are not alone destitute and homeless, but are also afflicted and suffering.

It is a favourite dream of mine that the children of Christendom should one day supply the motive power for all the rescue work that is needed for their needy little brothers and sisters in the slums; and the league has shown that this beautiful ideal is perfectly practicable. Thirty-two thousand children from happy homes are now members of this organisation, and they practically take charge of our

DR. BARNARDO,



The outcast children's friend.

1,300 waifs, who, in addition to being destitute, suffer from physical misfortune, being little cripples or incurably diseased or deaf and dumb or blind.

That league I regard as one of my very happiest thoughts, and I think its success means a message of hope to this generation. It has shown me that there are untold reserves, practically undiscovers mines of energy among the youngest tots of our households, that only need to be drawn upon for the betterment of the world of child-suffering.

Another point from my life experience is one of vital and practical moment. I claim that our methods have proved over and over again, in hundreds and thousands of crucial instances, that in the great problems of social life heredity will yield to environment. As I have put it elsewhere:

There is no inherent tendency in any boy or girl, no matter how descended, or how surrounded, which may not be eradicated, or at least subjugated, under favourable conditions.

In other words, in the fierce contest between Heredity and Environment, I firmly believe, all other things being equal, that Environment is the more potent force of the two.

This is distinctly a message of hope for the race, and as such I utter it for the comfort of

others, even as I have given the same encouragement. That is a great thing, and one which ought to be pressed to the front in these pessimistic days.

I would like to emphasise another consideration, moreover, that in dealing with those who have fallen by the wayside in the march of the ages religious influences are of paramount value. From the very first our homes have been founded upon and animated by the old-fashioned principles of the Gospel. It is in the strength of these that we have conquered.

Faith in Jesus Christ and in the efficacy of His redemption; unceasing prayer, and a continual resort to the Bible truths—it is these which have proved effective in transmuting the outcast residuum into the very salt of the earth, in manufacturing good citizens, well-living and upright subjects, out of children who might well have been deemed the greatest difficulties in the way of social reform. Yes; religion is not a spent force. Indeed, it has never been adequately relied upon as a world-saving quality.

SCARCELY ANY FAILURES.

We claim in our history to have freely adopted, adapted, and developed every promising method of dealing with different classes of children. At Barking-side we have a village unique in all England, in that it is solely populated by girls, of whom 1,200 are now in residence.

In emigration I believe our work easily leads the way. Each year over 1,000 of our trained children go forth from us to Canada and the Colonies; 16,100 boys and girls have since 1882 been so dealt with, and our failures amount to less than 1½ per cent. of all that number.

We are better equipped to-day than ever in our history for dealing with the nation's waif children, and in some respects we hold a position of considerable advantage, owing to the fact that we are a voluntary agency, unconnected with the State and unhampered by Government oversight. Our methods are flexible, elastic, not hide-bound by tradition or red tape, ready to absorb and adapt the ideas which approve themselves the best for the great purposes in view.

This is that so really destitute and homeless child in all this kingdom shall be without food, shelter, education, and a home. Never once has such a child of any age, creed, nationality, or of either sex, and wholly irrespective of physical defects, been rejected at our doors. T. J. BARNARDO.

A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. Dr. TORREY, who is to conduct with Mr. Alexander, the great mission at the Albert Hall next month.

"Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief."

I can sum up my creed in a very few words. I believe in the Word of God. I believe in the Bible as God's absolutely reliable revelation of Himself to me, and I believe in the power of the Bible.

I know the old Book is not worn out. I know the old Book is just what this old, perishing world needs to-day just as much as ever it needed it, and when men stick by the Book and distrust their own opinions and everybody else's opinions, and just approach God's truth as He has revealed it in His Word, it meets the need of the hour.

I believe that there is power in that blood to atone for the sins of the vilest sinner; and in a moment, as soon as he accepts Christ, that shed blood will blot out every sin, and make his record as white in God's sight as that of the purest saint in glory.

I believe in prayer. I know God answers prayer; it is no theory with me. I know God does definitely, in answer to prayer, the very thing that you ask Him to do. I know it; it is no guesswork.

I am not able to explain the philosophy of it, but I do not care anything for the philosophy. What I am concerned with is not philosophy, but facts.

I know that when a company of God's people—it does not need to be everybody in the whole community that professes to be a Christian—but when even a small company of God's people get really right with God, and begin to cry to God for an outpouring of His Spirit in mighty power, I know God hears.

I believe in the power of the Holy Ghost. That is my creed.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

Mile End Election Result.

A moral victory.—"Daily News."

Excellent.—"Westminster Gazette."

Result more significant perhaps than that of any other by-election.—"Daily Chronicle."

By-elections are going as they usually go when a Government has been long in office, only with a greater persistency than on former occasions.—"The Times."

Not the least satisfactory feature of the poll is the evidence it contains that Mr. Lawson was supported by a considerable number of the Jewish electors.—"Morning Post."

The smallness of the majority is fresh proof of the gravity of the alien danger. These strangers are in a fair way to capture seats in the House of Commons.—"Daily Mail."

THE SINGLE LIFE.

Lack of Introductions the Chief
Cause of Lonely Lives.

WHY NO OFFICIAL BUREAU?

Still the letters continue to pour into the *Daily Mirror* office imploring us to do something which will make it easier for friendless young men and women to become acquainted.

As we have already stated, it is quite impossible for us to act the part of a matrimonial bureau. In one case—that of "Mr. X"—in which we had made inquiries, we are prepared to forward the letters of would-be wives, but the *Daily Mirror* cannot take the responsibility of introducing people of whom it knows nothing.

The correspondence which we have received and are still receiving points clearly to the great need of some bureau, under strict and careful management, by which introductions between men and women might be effected. Quite half the letters draw attention to the need, and many appeal to us to take up the work. Here is an extract from one:—

May I also join my voice to those who have already asked you to form a matrimonial agency.

What are the existing so-called matrimonial agencies of our country? Those who have been in them know. They should be wiped out.

Some morning, when I and others take up our *Daily Mirror*, I suppose we shall read, "This correspondence is now closed," and we shall be cast back to despair again, if I begin to think it over yet again.

There are many others equally pressing. One letter signed "Almost Hopeless," and written from South Norwood, is bitter.

It is all very well talking of maidenly modesty and reserve. People who do so have no idea of what it means to live alone in lodgings. Day after day I go to my work, after a dull world's conversation with my landlady on the subject of the weather.

For eight hours I work in silence. In the evening I return to my lonely room, having probably not exchanged twenty words on any other subject than my work. My evening is spent alone, whether I go for a walk or sit indoors.

I am the only woman in my office, and the five men there all seem to be very good fellows. They have made no attempt, though kindness itself, to make my acquaintance, except so far as is necessary for business matters. They see the awkwardness of my position there. "Maidenly modesty," says that I should not make advances. I don't wonder that girls in their attempts to break free from such absurd conventions often go too far.

From a large provincial town comes another letter, this time from a man, which reveals much the same state of things.

Three years ago I came here as a clerk. I knew no one, and except for four or five men of my own age, whom I have got to know at the office, I still know no one. In those three years I have not once entered my "home." We men spend evenings together in each other's lodgings, and though we get on fairly well, you can imagine how we should relish a change. I would give anything to be introduced to a few families where I could meet women of my own class. The feminine society open to me without introduction I do not want.

Many of the letters, besides suggesting a matrimonial or introduction bureau, say who should be responsible for it. The greater number look upon the question as of such national importance that it should be taken in hand by the Government.

ALL SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

THEY ALL WANT MONEY.

I notice the number of proposals that "Mr. X" has received. Now, as a working man and a bachelor, do you think these ladies would have thrown themselves at me had I put myself in the matrimonial market?

I think not. They all want someone with money, so I am content to still remain a bachelor. W. P. Leytonstone.

THE JOY OF A FAMILY.

For thirty-seven years I enjoyed a married life. Three years ago I lost my wife. Since then it has been well-nigh intolerable.

How much worse would it have been for me but for my children? I have a son for every day of the week, and each son has three sisters, and I thankful for them.

Finsbury Park, N.

FEW UNSELFISH MEN.

No doubt there are men who are really unselfish, but so far my experience teaches me they are decidedly in the minority.

I think this fact prevents many good women from wishing to become wives, so they settle down to business life, and become so immersed in it that they have neither time nor thought to give to matrimony.

Sunderland.

A NATIONAL QUESTION.

The question of introducing young men and women is of national importance. It is almost impossible (I speak from experience) to meet a young lady suitable for the duties of wife and mother in a limited circle of friends.

There are, no doubt, very many of both sexes quite willing and ready to marry could they but find a suitable partner, and instead of leading a life of social misery would develop into happy citizens.

Tankerville-road, Streatham.

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C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Dept. 32, 34, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

Go by the Book

It is folly to boil your wash. That question was settled several years ago.

You know it shrinks woollens; we know it shrinks cottons and linens, and injures fibre and texture of everything.

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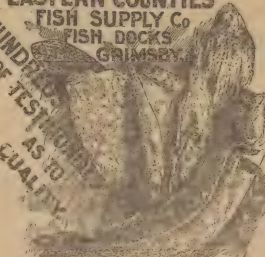


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A LITTLE BLUE SHOE.

By MONA SWETE.

The mother sat in the nursery motionless. Save for her and one other the room was empty. The ruddy firelight rose and fell and flickered; sometimes bathing the room in its warm light, sometimes leaving it in darkness.

Drawn up close to the hearth was a little cot, heavy in its spotless white drapery, which told of many hours of patient, loving work and forethought. Sometimes the light fell for a moment on the slender figure seated by the cradle, and lighted up the sweet face. She was gazing into the fire, her thoughts far away in the future, and yet busied with the cradle by her side.

Presently there was a slight stir amidst the soft coverings in the cradle. One tiny foot asserted its presence, a little pink, crumpled-up fist appeared round the curtain, with much effort and struggling two lids slowly opened and revealed the wondering, questioning eyes of a baby.

The mother quietly bent over the cradle. "My little son," she murmured very gently. "Are you awake, have you come back to Paradise? Tell mother what you saw there!" and then she tenderly lifted the little burden on to her lap and drew on the little blue shoes.

Just then the nursery door opened, and father entered. "Oh, little mother," he cried, surveying the pretty picture in front of him. "You spoil that child; come and spoil me likewise."

The girl gently put the baby down on the soft rug, and allowed herself to be drawn into the embrace of a pair of strong, loving arms.

She merrily drew him down on to the hearthrug, and together they spent the happiest hour of their day, with their first-born.

"Baby, where is your shoe?" laughed the mother presently, noting that one tiny foot was without its blue covering.

Together they searched for the little shoe, but nowhere was it to be found. There seemed no corner in which it could possibly be hidden, and at last, in obedience to the somewhat imperative cries of King Baby, they had to give up the search.

"It is not very valuable, after all," said the big man cheerily, noticing a troubled expression in his wife's eyes.

"I did value it," she answered, with her head bent low over her restless burden.

"I'll get you another to-morrow, darling, if you like," he said gently. "Won't that do the first thing to her cheek? It—it was the first thing I made for baby, and all the hopes and fears I had seemed to be knitted into that little blue shoe—it is because of that I value it. Never mind, dear," she added, with true womanly unselfishness.

Twenty years later—the mother sat there silent, gazing into the fire with hard, vacant eyes which were bright with unshed tears. The cradle no longer stood by her side; that with other indications of the nursery had been removed long ago. The high fender remained, and the paint which had been kicked off by little feet had not been renewed.

She sat on the same low nursery chair as she had done from force of habit every evening for the last twenty years, living over again the early days of her happy motherhood—and now—

Her hands had fallen on her knees in a listless, apathetic attitude. One loosely held an evening paper. An opened telegram lay near by on a small table.

Standing out clear in the black newspaper type were the words "War in South Africa," and underneath, in smaller letters, "Casualty List." No need to look any further. Here was a home stricken and heart stunned by one line in this column. A few short hours ago that heart had been alive and happy, thrilling with the joy of life. Now it was dead to outside influences, aching with the untold, untellable pain of a hopeless struggle to understand what had happened.

It seemed such a little while ago that she had sat here on this very chair and played with her baby, and now she sat here again while he— But not even a shudder crept over her as she pictured to herself the lonely grave on the velvet and tried to realise the great pathos of a soldier's death.

The door opened, and the doctor entered with an expression of deep sympathy on his kindly, good-natured face.

"Come, come," he said boldly. "You must bear up you know! Think of your husband. It is very, very sad for you, my dear, but death comes to all of us you know. You must not grieve more than you can help."

"I am not grieving."

The calm, icy tones filled the doctor with alarm. He had expected to find his patient ill with uncontrollable grief. This numbness was a more formidable foe.

"H'm!" he murmured to himself. "She will go out of her mind if this state continues."

The door opened again, and the father entered. The strong, brave man was bent and broken by his grief.

Kneeling by her side, he drew her head down to his shoulder.

"My little wife," he whispered in a breaking voice. "We have each other still. We must bear up—for his sake—don't look like that, dearest. Just let the tears come and God will help you."

She put her arms round his neck with a little sigh, which was very pathetic, but the wildness was still in her eyes, and the hard lines round her mouth did not relax.

Another visitor entered the nursery—the parish priest, a saintly old man with a face shining with love and sympathy. He did not speak to the grief-stricken mother for several minutes, but stood there in silent prayer.

"My daughter," he said at last, "your sorrow is great, but God will give you strength to bear even this."

"Oh, yes, I believe in God," she said, "a hard, cruel God; but where is his love and mercy? Why has He taken my greatest treasure from me?"

The apathy and indifference were gaining on her; the weight on her head was becoming still more terrible to bear. She was physically unable to listen to the spiritual consolation of the priest.

At last he, too, left her alone.

She got up and paced the room feverishly, giving unholy vent to her well-nigh suffocating thoughts. "My boy, my boy!" she moaned.

"Where are you? Oh, come back to me—come back," stretching out her hands in supplication.

Her eyes, anguished with pain, fell listlessly on the antics of a little puppy which was gambolling round the room after its own tail. Suddenly the puppy stopped short beside a huge oak cupboard that stood against the wall.

He seemed to be endeavouring to catch a sunbeam that fell on the little gap between the back of the cupboard and the wall. Up and down went his little paw as he scratched at the vainest thing. The sunbeam disappeared, but still the puppy continued digging for something that must have got jammed up behind the cupboard. One tremendous dig, and a struggle, and the puppy brought to light some object which he carefully deposited on the nursery floor and regarded proudly.

His mistress, with some strange impulse urging her, went towards the cupboard and picked up the dirty, shapeless object.

She stood motionless for a minute or two, gazing at it vacantly, while her thoughts surged faster and faster.

What was it she held? Why did her memory travel back to one evening twenty years ago? What was it that brought so clearly to her distorted vision a little white cradle and a happy, kicking baby? Ah, she knew, she knew!

For a brief space her reason tottered, and the doctor's fears were almost realised. Then, with a wail of pent-up grief, pathetic in its utter weariness and abandonment, she sank once more on the little nursery chair.

In her hand she held the long-lost little blue shoe. What doctor, husband, and priest had failed to do, the sight of the little blue shoe had accomplished. The healing tears had come at last.

SIMPLE RECIPES.

COMMON ILLS EASILY CURED.

These are the days when chapped hands and lips begin to be felt, and a good remedy will be gladly accepted. One of the best remedies is quite simple, and anyone can make it up at home. Take ten grains of tragacanth and place them in three ounces of moderately warm but not hot water. This

it into the skin in the morning after washing. A child's hair can be encouraged to grow down on the forehead if a little oil is massaged into the roots of the hair along the line of the forehead. Never brush the hair roughly back from the forehead, but draw it gently back with the finger-tips and a very soft brush. The hair should never be pulled or plaited tightly. Soundness of the gums may be restored by the use of a tincture made from one ounce of coarsely powdered Peruvian bark, steeped in half a pint of brandy for a fortnight. Gargle the mouth both



The hat shown on the left of the above picture is of a very smart shape, in prawn pink velvet, with a shaded pink and rose feather upon it. The other is a grey felt hat, with a drapery of pearl-grey satin and plumes to match.

must be allowed to stand for several hours, and then one ounce of glycerine should be added.

If it is desired to give the preparation a pleasant perfume it may be obtained by adding a small quantity of oil of roses at the same time. The whole compound should then be mixed thoroughly, either by shaking it up well or stirring it with a spoon. This is a remedy that will be found soothing, pleasant, and an almost infallible cure after two or three applications. It is a good plan to rub

night and morning with a teaspoonful of this tincture, diluted with an equal quantity of water.

A good liquid powder, which will be found excellent for the arms and shoulders when evening dress is to be worn, is made from one drachm of oxide of zinc, one ounce of barium sulphate, one drachm of glycerine, one ounce of alcohol, six ounces of water, and half a drachm of eau de Cologne. Although mixtures of this kind may be used with perfect safety on the neck and arms, they are apt to roughen the face and make it too dry.

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Beaver Cloth, with
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were dull. Once more there seemed to be rather better business in the iron and steel group, and armament shares were particularly favoured. Textile shares were dull on the workpeople's suspicion of the amalgamation of the master spinning interests. The Argentine land and tramway group was strong.

